



# The Angry Little Cockroach



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## Chapter 1 by Robert Fuldner

As you begin reading this little story you may be a little curious or even miffed that there would be a pesky little creature who feels entitled to his anger. Indeed the cockroach has been the victim of many kitchen workers. For centuries the little creature's very presence has evoked criticism simply by being seen.

Imagine that the simple sight of you might evoke a violent tirade that would cause shouting, stomping and general dismay upon the universe you. This is the world of the cockroach. One of them has had enough.

It was a Christmas Eve, nearly 6 years ago when the Watson's lost their home to a tree fire. Mr. Watson had installed some old lights and there was a short in the old gnarly wires that sparked the fir tree. The old tree towered over the wrapped gifts and once the tree gleamed, the gifts did too.

It was from a gift fruit box that Alex emerged. He had hatched in the box several days before when it had recently arrived from an orange grove in Florida. When the burning tree began to smoke, his instinct, based on millions of years of learning dictated that he needed to evacuate the area and bellow warnings to all he met during his escape. In doing so he scurried through the Watson's kitchen on course to pass under the home's rear door.

This evacuation did not go unnoticed. Frieda Watson, the mother of the house, spied him and

immediately sprang into action. Screaming at the top of her vocal range, Watson also began to shower the floor with her own steam. But all her efforts were in vain for Alex made his way safely out of the simmering house.

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Fortunately for Mrs Watson this exercise did cause him to have shortened breath and her recovery breathing caused him to inhale larger than usual amounts of air. This air was now

tainted with the aroma of a burning Christmas tree. The smell became stronger and soon she was coughing on the smoke smell. It was a blessing for the homicidal bug crusher and it saved her life as well as most of the house.

Alex, having barely escaped the thunderous domestic attack, was furious. His warning in the kitchen that had been misinterpreted as an attack soured him on home living, human beings and Christmas. However his anger was short lived. Within minutes of his arrival outside he was snatched whole and devoured by turkey.

That turkey was Christmas dinner.

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